

Agricultural.

T. H. HOSKINS, Newport, Vt., Editor.

The "Classes" in Education.

It is mighty hard to get our schoolmasters out of the old ruts. But they are subject to the law of supply and demand, like all other commodities. As the people become more and more informed in regard to the facts, they are getting to insist that the time of their children shall not be wasted in the study of things obsolete when the world is full of new knowledge. And there are beginning to be teachers who catch the idea, and so far, are fit to teach in the people's schools. The Massachusetts Agricultural College has had a president with a classical education, a president with very little education of any kind, and has now apparently got, in President Greenough, one who knows a good deal without forgetting his own time. In a recent speech he says:

"The act in accordance with which the college was established does not require that it should be administered in the interest of one class of working-men. Young men have been fitted for a great variety of employments at this college as at other colleges. Some of the graduates are clerical, some are lawyers, several are physicians, while the majority are employed in different departments of productive industry. Some persons read the term 'agricultural' in the title, and inquire if all the graduates are farmers. If the question is an honest one, it is an evidence of pitiable ignorance; if it is put with a sneer at the farmers, whose sound judgment has largely guided the public affairs of this commonwealth, and whose steady toil has in large degree ministered to its material prosperity, then the question is unworthy of a citizen or of a man; if the question is a sneer at the college because it does not propose an extended course in the ancient classics, then it is an evidence of miserable narrowness. Is a young man who cannot, or for sufficient reasons will not, pursue the study of the dead languages, to be deprived of a college course of study? That man is narrow-minded who regards the course of instruction proposed by a classic college as the only course admissible, or who, having received an education by means of such a course, thinks there is no other way to intellectual respectability than the one over which he has traveled. I tolled too hard to gain the little I know of them, and I prize that little too highly to speak disparagingly of them. But to say that all liberal instruction must be run in one groove is not wise. Our varied industries at the present time require men of large culture to direct them, and while Latin and Greek may be of value to the theologian or the lawyer, they can hardly be considered necessary to the superintendent of a factory, the manager of a railroad, the foreman on a farm, or him who toils in some department of the applied sciences. If it is claimed that the discipline from the study of these languages cannot be gained in any other way, I must affirm that that claim is not yet proved. We have not yet tested in our courses of study the disciplinary value of the study of the modern languages."

"It is not easy to estimate the value of the thought, the feeling and the endeavor treasured for us in our mother tongue. He who acquaints himself with the best literature of the English people, takes hold of the imperishable thought of the race foremost in the progress of the world, and shares the best product of that race. Chaucer is worth more to us than all the martial glamour of his sovereigns. If Spenser's sweet music had not reached us, if Bacon had not appeared as a teacher of his own and all subsequent times, if Shakespeare had not given us his almost superhuman revelation of human nature, if Milton had not swept from his lyre strains that can never die, the Elizabethan period, with all its great political events, would be but of secondary importance. The course in the study of English literature at the college shall at least do something to introduce the student to the study and the appreciation of the wealth treasured in our literature. Very much might be said of the value of a knowledge of French and German as a means of keeping abreast of the line of progress in science. The latest discoveries in science are often announced in these languages before they are described in English. Another advantage is the introduction of the student to the modes of thought of other nations. The German and the English language have largely a common source, hence a knowledge of German greatly aids the knowledge of English, while by the study of French, the student is led to some proper apprehension of the Romance element of the English language."

All this is good sound common sense. The English race is bigger than the Roman, the French race is bigger than the Greek. Our collegians stupidly look up to the ancients, and say we really never can know anything except by spending years in studying their literature, just as though men are not men now, as much as of old. Those Greeks whom the collegians worship learned all they knew and developed their grand art, their refined philosophy and their feeble knowledge of nature without the aid of any other people. The Romans did the same, except that some of their scholars learned of the Greeks what many believed it would have been better for the Romans if they had not known. Greek literature was to the people of the Italian peninsula a good deal what French literature is thought now-a-days to be for the English race—a source of corruption, moral and mental. While we have no objection to the teaching of modern languages, or even of some Latin and Greek, if they could be taught upon a common sense system, there is really no difficulty in any people attaining the very highest culture with no other than their own language. As a matter of fact most of the boys come out of our colleges without any adequate knowledge of their own language or any other. They have divided their time between so many, and have pursued them all upon such a ridiculous plan, that it is impossible it should be otherwise. The world over, people begin to learn their own language by speaking it, at first imperfectly, and then better and better. Then they learn to read it, and then to write it, and finally they study its grammar, though there are good masters of language who

know nothing of abstract grammatical rules. In our schools, by an inconceivable fatuity, they go at it in nearly the opposite order, with corresponding results. The late President Smith of Dartmouth college once acknowledged to us, in a chat we had with him on the cars, that very few of the graduates of his college could write a Latin paragraph of a hundred words correctly, off hand, and that their practical proficiency in Greek was even less. The whole thing would be a solemn farce, were it not a stupid fraud.

President Greenough very justly refers to a complaint (made, we believe, more often insidiously in behalf of, than by, the farmers) that all the graduates of agricultural colleges do not become farmers. Most of the boys who go through such colleges are poor, and farming requires capital. But besides that there is no more sense in demanding of the agricultural colleges that they should turn out their graduates accomplished farmers than that the other colleges should turn out men fully equipped to follow other lines of work. They must have experience in the application of what they have learned, before they can be successful farmers, just as it is with the graduates of theological, medical and legal schools. A great deal of this class of criticism seems to be made maliciously. Surely it is no new thing to find men at work outside of the line of their early education. The manager of the best cheese factory in Maine is a graduate of Harvard, and the same may be said of the leading seedgrower of Massachusetts. The intelligent farmers of the country would be only too glad if their ministers, their lawyers, their doctors and their merchants could have the benefit of a thorough course of training in an agricultural college in addition to their other qualifications. A man can never know too much for any business, if it is good sound knowledge.

The Champaign Sugar Works.

"The Champaign sugar works, Champaign, Ill., were the first large sorghum sugar works ever started in the United States. They have ground the cane this season raised on about one thousand acres of land, and the result is a perfect success in the way of making a first-class quality of sugar that polarizes ninety-seven degrees, and much sweeter than sugar made from cane or beet roots. For years experiments have been made to find out some way to change sorghum syrup into sugar. The attempt was unsuccessful up to last year, when the state of Illinois offered a bounty to anyone who would succeed in granulating the syrup into sugar. Experiments made at the state university of Illinois, in Champaign, by Professors Weber and Scoville, succeeded in accomplishing the result. A ready sale for all the sugar and syrup made, and the success there doubtless will cause sugar works to be erected all over the West, for sorghum cane will grow where corn can be raised, and where farmers can make \$15 an acre in raising corn they can realize \$30 an acre in raising sorghum cane to sell to these factories."

We are surprised to find the above in the *Brattleboro Phoenix*. Professor Collier's success in successfully producing both sorghum and corn-stalk sugar antedates the experiments at Champaign by several years, and the methods practiced there were founded upon those of Professor Collier, though with some valuable modifications, especially that of running the cane through two consecutive sets of rollers, sprinkling it as it passes from one set to the other with a spray of hot water, thus obtaining considerably more of the sweetness of the cane. Professor Weber and Scoville used the time they were paid for and the means supplied by the people to the industrial university at Champaign, and then patented the improvements they devised. For this "sharp practice" they were removed from their positions, but at no pecuniary loss to themselves, apparently, as they are making money in the sugar business.

Our National Dangers.

The greatest changes in national life that history tells of were invisible at the time. Those who lived in the midst of them, those whose very neglects and follies were bringing them to pass, were wholly unconscious of them. Look at that tremendous change from the Rome of the republic to the Rome of the empire. Rome in its best days was a free, self-governing commonwealth; and the old Roman character was distinguished not only for its force, but for its reverence for law. How did that free, sturdy republic sink into the servile crowd that cringed before Tiberius or Caligula? It was most of all, that they let go in indolent neglect the duties of free citizens. They let the public offices become the prey of scheming time-servers. Enormous fortunes were amassed by single individuals and used remorselessly to capture the institutions of government which were still nominally free. So, little by little, all true freedom faded out and with it the old Roman law-abiding manhood, and Rome was ever sinking lower in national life—and yet no one knew it. When the old free institutions were fading into lifeless forms through which despotism was stealthily creeping in; when Roman society was growing so debased at heart as to be preparing to take its fashion from a Nero, all that men noticed was that the city life was growing more magnificent; the old brick structures were being replaced by splendid edifices of marble; the attractions of luxury and pleasure were drawing ever larger crowds from distant places; and busy citizens and luxurious patricians never noticed, in the glory and glitter, that all power was being more and more concentrated in imperial hands. Nay, they even counted it gain that all went on so finely without troublesome demands upon their time or service.—*Brooke Herford*.

Tenant Farming in Illinois.

Neal Dow, in his letters to the *Portland Press*, thus speaks of a feature of farming in central Illinois: "I have been struck with the poor look of the farm-houses and farm-buildings in this state. The houses are small and cheap, seeming to have only two rooms, often in bad condition and the barns, if any, are small and poor. I could not understand how

it could be that upon the most fertile land in any country the farmers could be so poor as their dwellings seemed to indicate. They reminded me of the farm-houses and farm-buildings in Maine in the old run time, when our people used to spend in strong drink the entire value of all our property in every period of less than twenty years. I spoke of this to a gentleman who called upon me, and suggested that it must come from whiskey, beer and tobacco. 'No,' he said, the farmers as a rule, are not a drinking people. They were formerly a drunken lot, but within a few years, they have become sober and industrious. They are 'renters' and not owners of their farms. The land is owned in large blocks by rich proprietors who will not sell, but rent it for payment in kind, twelve to fifteen bushels of corn for each acre. The farmers, therefore, have no inducement to have good houses and barns, or to improve the land. Their interest is to 'skin' it, and to spend upon it as little money as possible. This is a very bad system for the country, but no so bad for us as it is in England, where it is perpetuated. Here these great estates will be broken up and divided upon the death of the present proprietors, but it prevents the improvement of the country."

It is almost folly to try to raise fine vegetables without a heavy application of manure, and the gardener should use every sensible means to accumulate it from every source. Stable manure, of course, is his main reliance, but is often held so high in some markets that it must be handled economically and applied judiciously to make it profitable to purchase it. Commercial fertilizers are valuable, but by the time the purchased price and freightage is paid, it is doubtful whether they are profitable to purchase. Forest leaves, when well rotted, seem to be especially adapted to the gardener's wants. Two-thirds leaf mould to one of stable manure, composted together, kept moist and well covered, forked over occasionally to make it fine and to regulate the moisture, will be found rich in plant food, and well adapted for any crop.

To destroy woodchucks, dip a rag in melted sulphur, hang it down the hole by a small stick or stone so that it will burn readily, apply the match, and cover the hole as soon as possible with a flat stone or something to keep the fumes in; if the chuck is at home he will never get out. If you cannot get at their holes they require different treatment. Sprinkle paris green on such plants as they are fond of near where they have done mischief. A better plan is, to give the poison on something they cannot get at home, as cabbage, turnip leaves, bean or pea vines, the tender ends of pumpkins or squash vines, etc. If they eat it, they will be likely to do it, it will probably be their last supper.

WINTER dairying is on the rise everywhere in New England. A farmer in an exchange expresses his preference for it as a matter of profit, and says: "I find more profit in a cow that comes fresh in the fall than from those that are fresh in the spring. Not only does she bring a better price, but I think she gives more milk in the year under my management, for just when they would naturally shrink largely in their milk, I can feed pasture and increase the yield. A cow that is fresh in the spring will shrink just at the season of calving, and the transition from summer feed, and a great falling off in milk is unavoidable."

WHENEVER a bull becomes vicious he is sent to the shambles and a younger one substituted. It is like changing for a brief time only, for the younger one is soon made to give place to another, and thus are farmers prohibited, by their own unwise methods, from using the more mature bulls instead of those not fully grown. A bull will always be cross at times, and to attempt to procure one that is gentle is a difficult undertaking. If a farmer has a first-class animal that he wishes to keep in service, all that is necessary is to ring him properly and he will then be easily manageable, but it is wrong to destroy him unless no longer serviceable.

EDUCATION in every branch of the arts and sciences, trades and professions, is valuable, only as it is pursued with the intention of acquiring knowledge for the actual benefit it confers—the advantage it gives its possessor over those who have not secured it. The modern method of studying farming—through the medium of books, and by the aid of professors, so-called—is all well, provided the student has been a practical cultivator of the soil, so that he can appreciate the subject upon which his thoughts are engaged. And it may be of much service to the man who afterwards becomes, not in name only, but in fact, a farmer.

In buying remember that low-priced plants are not always cheap. The labor and care necessary to grow good stock, true to name, is expensive, and such plants will always cost more than those grown in the ship-shod, haphazard way common in many nurseries. Moreover, it requires skill, considerable time, and expensive packing material, to pack plants properly for long journeys.

MANY an orchard fails of giving satisfactory returns to its owner, because the trees have exhausted the fertilizing properties in the soil required for the production of fruit, and are barely getting enough from the soil to sustain life. They need feeding just as a cow needs feeding, in order to give satisfactory results at the pail or churn.

WHILE the investigations of scientists in regard to the value of ensilage are undoubtedly an aid in determining its real value, the final decision of the question as to the place it is entitled to occupy in American husbandry will be based on the experience of intelligent, practical farmers who have adopted the system.

PROFESSOR J. W. SANBORN, well known to our readers, now of the Missouri Agricultural College, claims that he has proved through a long practice and many experiments, that corn-fodder has a practical feeding value of two-thirds to three-quarters that of good hay.

STRAWBERRY plants are fit for setting only during the season in which they are formed, and early next spring. If older than this the roots become black, when it is difficult to make them live, and they are not likely at all to grow truly.

TWENTY-FIVE hundred dollars' worth of grain requires ten cars to take it to market, while the same money in butter is put into half of one car.

ORCHARDS are profitable and can be carried on with much less help than dairies.

The Fireside.

For the Vermont Watchman.

THE PROPHETIC BEACON.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE GEMMA.

Brightly the moon was shining
In the clear, calm Indian sky,
And upon the Ganges' bosom
Shed its image fully.
Beside the flowing river
A giant palm-tree stood,
Through whose branches, convex,
Like a tortoise shell of wood,
The moonbeams scarcely struggled
To the cool, damp ground below,
And in beauty lay upon it
Like great flakes of fallen snow.
There leaped from out a thicket,
Like a noisy bee, a hawk,
As lightly as the wild gossamer,
A Hindoo maiden fair,
Her face so beautiful, so pure,
So frank and so true,
That her very innocent gleams
Seemed to be shining through.
Swiftly she glided onward,
Through the thorns her sandals tore,
While a deer at her light foot-fall
Started shyly from the shore,
Where its thirst it had been quenching
In the Ganges' sacred wave.
A burning lamp she carried
Whose flickering life to save
Her hand she placed around it.
The river now she reached,
And on its rushing wave
Her burning lamp she placed.
Down, down the stream 'tis floating,
While the maiden's jet black eyes
From behind their silken lashes
Ever watch it wistfully.
For should the beacon flame
E'er it float beyond her sight,
Then her lover, too, has perished
On that bright mid-summer's night.
Still 'tis burning, burning brightly,
Now it flashes up thoughts,
While in the maiden's lustrous eyes
There beams a joyous light:
"He lives, he lives, my lover lives,"
She cries and sinks in prayer,
While from the hills there comes this cry,
As if in answer to her prayer,
"He lives, he lives, my lover lives."
—Orion, Hancock, N. H.

Mrs. Honeyweiss' Perplexity.

"I want," said Mrs. Honeyweiss, "the opinion of this club on a question that greatly troubles me. The greatest desire of my heart is to see my children grow up noble Christian men and women. My life is bound up in them. And my husband, I am sure, as much in earnest as I am. But we pursue different ways; and sometimes I think he is wrong; and sometimes I think I am wrong; and sometimes I do not know but that we are both wrong. He gives all the time he can possibly spare outside his business to church work. He attends all the church meetings—prayer-meetings, socials, teachers' meetings, choir meetings; he is on the executive committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, and when he isn't at a church meeting he is at a cottage prayer-meeting, or a service in the hall, or with a district visitation committee, or something—I don't pretend to keep the run of them all. Sundays we never pretend to see him. After an early breakfast he sits down to finish the study for his Bible-class, and then hurries off to Sunday-school. Of course we are all at church together; but after dinner he goes round to the Young Men's Christian Association to their afternoon meeting; and that and an inquiry meeting, which he always attends, keep him till tea time. Right after tea he goes over to the church to the young people's prayer-meeting; and then to church; and by the time he gets back from church the young children are in bed and asleep, and I am pretty well tired out in trying to make Sunday pleasant and profitable for them, and he is pretty well tired out with his missionary work. He never gets time on Sunday to study the Bible with the children, nor in the week time to look into their lessons and see how they are getting along. And as to their games, I don't believe he knows anything about what they do out of school hours, or what they read in the evenings. He never gets time to take them on his knee and talk to them of the Jesus for whom he is working so earnestly, or to go up with them at night and pray with them, as my dear father used to do with me. And I can't help asking myself sometimes whether these children of ours are not the ones first to be prayed with, first to be talked with, first to be labored with; and then, on the other hand, I sometimes think that I have been driven into the other extreme of neglecting church work. The pastor, here, wants me to take charge of the infant class. He holds up before me my husband as a pattern of what an active Christian ought to be. And I must confess I am very far from following his example. I am striving as well as I know how"—and here Mrs. Honeyweiss' voice trembled a little, and I thought I could detect a little dimness about her eyes—"to live a Christian life in my own home, and to help my children to live Christian lives. I spend the evenings with them at home, and I can't bear to go off and leave them alone. I don't even always go to the church prayer-meetings. I almost never go to the women's prayer-meetings; I can pray with my children, but I can't pray in public. I know I should break down if I tried. I study the Sunday-school lesson with my children while Mr. Honeyweiss is getting out his lesson for his Bible class. I should have to give that up if I took the infant class. And if I worked with the class for an hour, and then went to church for an hour and a half more, I don't believe I should be very fresh to give my children a pleasant Sunday afternoon, which I always try to do. And yet, as it is, I seem to be an utterly useless member of the church. I am just a passenger, nothing more. I want to do what is right to the church; I want to satisfy my pastor; and yet I can't neglect my own children; and I wish some one would tell me what I ought to do."

Mrs. Honeyweiss had begun in a trembling, timid voice; but it had grown stronger as she proceeded, and when she finished there was that kind of silence which is more significant of attention and interest than any applause can ever be. Then the deacon said:

"He that provideth not for his own family is worse than an infidel."

"But, deacon," said Mrs. Honeyweiss, flushing, and speaking very quickly and earnestly, "he does provide for his family. I don't want you to think that I find fault with him. I have no doubt he is right. I don't see how the church and the Sunday-school and the Young Men's Christian Association could get along without him. And he's a good husband and a good father. Oh! I hope I haven't done him that injustice."

"Not at all, madam," said the deacon; "I am sure you have not. We all know and honor Mr. Honeyweiss, and you couldn't do him an injustice if you tried. The fault is ours, not his. He is willing to work, and we are willing that he should. It is the misfortune of a man who possesses the rare abilities of your husband that everybody calls on him, and he is too good-natured or too conscientious to refuse; and so, generally before

he knows it, he is drawn away from his family to work that is a great deal less sacred and less important. But the test applies, nevertheless. For a wife and mother is more than a housekeeper; and a husband and father is more than a steward; and they don't provide for their own family unless they give them time, and love, and thought, and personal care. I don't have a bit of trouble with your problem. The home is a great deal more sacred than the church; and you'd better stay at home and take care of your own infant class."

"I wish you would put that sentiment on a postal card, and send it to one woman I know of," said Mr. Geer. "I was out at the Valley school last week, and Mrs. Best was packing up Joshua Felling's things to send him home. He is not very strong, poor fellow! And he has been having chills, and the doctor is afraid of malarial fever; so Mrs. Best was going to send him home. He was begging like a good fellow to stay. 'I don't want to go home,' he said; 'I don't believe I'm going to be sick, and if I am, I'd rather be sick here!' At that you may believe I picked up my ears. 'Why, my poor boy,' said Mrs. Best, 'you'll be a great deal more comfortable at home.' 'No, I shan't,' pleaded the boy; 'there's only pa and grandpa at home to keep house; and we have to do the cooking ourselves, for we haven't any girl; ma's away lecturing.'"

"But I can't agree with you, deacon," said the Parson, "in your saying that the home is more sacred than the church. God founded the church in the wilderness."

"And God founded the family in the garden," said the deacon.

"Christ died for the church on the cross," said the parson.

"And Christ was born into the family in the manger," said the deacon.

"A good will at last present the church a perfect church, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing," said the parson.

"When we all come home," said the deacon, "to join the great family of redeemed in the household of faith around our Father which is in heaven."

"But, deacon," said I, "suppose everybody stayed at home and took care of her own children, what would become of the church?"

"And suppose everybody goes off to church," replied the deacon, "what's to become of the children at home?"

"There must be a golden mean, I suppose," said Mr. Geer.

"No!" said the deacon; "there is no golden mean. Means are not golden. They're brass, or lead, or pewter. Every man's first duty is to his own home. He ought to invest his first money there; and put his first energies there; and concentrate his first thoughts there; and give his first time there. Then, if he has any left, let him give it to the church."

The parson shook his head.

"Parson," said the deacon, energetically, "didn't you think Mr. Wheaton did a good thing last year when he undertook to pay the expenses of young Whitcomb through college and the theological seminary?"

"Yes," said the parson; "I certainly did."

"But here's Mr. Hardeap," continued the deacon, "who is not only paying for the schooling, but for the food, and clothing, and shelter, all the expenses, of four or five boys and girls, and that not for five or six or seven years—he has assumed the cost of each of them for fifteen years or so."

It was a sight to behold the pleased expression on Mr. Hardeap's face at this unexpected discovery of his before unsuspected beneficence.

"But they're his own children," said the parson.

"Certainly," said the deacon; "what of that? Somebody's got to take care of them. And I should like somebody to tell me why it is not just as benevolent for Mr. Hardeap to take care of his own children as for Mr. Wheaton to take care of somebody else's child; and why it does not do just as much good."

"I never thought of it in that way before," said the parson.

"You may depend upon it, it is the right way," said the deacon. "God has given every man his own children to take care of—to feed, to clothe, to house, to educate. If we all did our duty, there would be no need of any philanthropic charity. That's God's way of taking care of everybody. The man who neglects his own children to take care of somebody else's children starts all wrong. The father and mother who have reared, cared for, educated, and put into life well endowed for life's work half a dozen children, have done a good life work, if they never do anything else. That's the main thing; anything else they may do is extra, be it little or much."—*Chris. Union*.

Home-Making.

The woman who is to be happy and useful as the maker and mistress of a home must know the art of home-making and home-ruling. Yet how very small a place is given to the teaching of these arts in our schemes of education for girls! We should call that man a fool who hoped to see his son successful as a merchant or banker, but neglected to have him instructed in the principles of arithmetic and book-keeping. But thousands of girls are married every year who do not know how to make a loaf of bread, or to sew a table, or to iron a napkin, or to make a bed becomingly. It is expected that servants shall do these things? So the young man, who is to be made into a merchant or banker, will have his book-keepers to write out his accounts and make his arithmetical calculations for him; but he must understand these processes for himself or he will be at the mercy of his servants. Moreover, in the woman's case, there may not always be servants or the means with which to command their services; and their incompetence, at best, needs the supervision of a mistress skilled in all their arts. This seems a homely matter, doubtless, to those persons who see the complete salvation of women in university education; but it is a matter which touches the happiness of women themselves, and closely concerns the well-being of a world whose whole life centers in and is founded upon the home. It is not too much to say that no girl ought ever to come to maturity without having acquired both skill and taste in every art of the household, or that no woman deficient in this particular can marry without serious risk to her own happiness and to that of the persons about her. It does nobody any harm for the mistress of a household to know how to calculate an eclipse, but it is disastrous for her to be herself eclipsed by her Bridget.—*George Cary Eggleston, in Harper's Magazine*.

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CATARRH! It is needless to describe the symptoms of CATARRH! This dangerous disease that is sapping the life and strength of thousands where these organs are worn. Both sexes. Labor, study and research in America, Europe and Eastern lands, have resulted in the Magnetic Lung Protector, affording cure for CATARRH, and with the continuing use of this appliance, the patient is restored to a healthy condition. NEW PLACE FOR THE APPLIANCE is now open in the city of Lowell, Mass., for the purpose of remedying upon which you take all the chances, and we guarantee the return of your money if you are not cured. Send stamp for the New Department in Medical Treatment Without Medicine, with thousands of testimonials.

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NOTE.—Send one dollar in postage stamps or currency (in letter at our risk) with size of shoe usually worn, and try a pair of our shoes for ten days, and they will be returned to you at once by mail, post-paid.

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